

June 10th

Your letter of June 10th making splendid time got here just in time for my birthday and helped the day on a lot. And before you stop to call me a toad for writing you on a typewriter, I want to explain that ink isn't easy to get here and another man has my fountain pen for the moment and he is up in Sao Paulo, and that I will write you a longer letter to make up and ask your pardon for it anyway. Gosh how I would like to be there if you decided to grant a pardon!

I am going to send you a picture that will, yes it's got to, make you stop thinking that California is as good as can be had. There can be no place in the world as wonderful as Rio harbor. Most of the globe trotters say so and I can not imagine a more beautiful nor more unreal place in all the wide world. The mountains tumble into a bay that reaches in 15 miles through rocks and slides and palm-covered hills and the city with all its pink and blue and yellow houses seems not a city at all but a few dwellings hidden by the trees. Royal Palms that reach eighty feet up into the air a clean smooth shaft and then flare out in a great easy swaying tuft of big shining green leaves. And colors such as I never believed could be except in dreams. When the picture comes you may as well look up the sailings to Rio! That will settle it!

I go to Parana in a week I expect and start a survey there of the extent of hookworm in that part of Brazil. It will be wilder and I expect rougher work than up to now and will last till October or November I expect. You have a chief guarda or nurse, a man of about 37 in my case, and a microscopist, another doctor and one or two nurses, also men. You go into a country and take a town you want to do, arrange and give a lecture and then examine and treat the people after for anywhere from 5 days to two weeks, examining far more than you treat, but keeping a careful record of all the people so that when a post is established later you can save all the time and get right to work treating and using a cure as an argument show them how to prevent the recurrence of the



disease. What I get out of it mainly is the management of men and money and I hope I don't go galley west on either side. I have a good boss here in the Central office who won't do a thing but give me all the free rein you can think of giving a man, so I think things may prosper.

You write a very satisfactory sort of letter Marie (Gosh I don't know any Marie: what goes on here in Brazil!) Martha you write a very satisfactory letter and along in September or whenever this reaches you, forget that Marie writes a good letter and remember what Martie can do.;;; and do it. And inasmuch as I got a birthday letter from you when would I be writing to return the sensation which was a pleasant one? When, I repeat.

Has Dwink come home yet? And have you seen the Illustrissimo Dr. Schollyx yet? I shall be very worried when I hear he is loose in California so do not write me when it happens.

I asked an old Brazilian woman we were treating how old she was. "Thanks be to God I do not know" she said. "Well have you any children?" "I have lots of them" she replied. "Where is the eldest?" Pointing at the railroad down the valley she said in despair "For the love of God Senhor! Before those iron boxes went sliding down the valley to Rio I could know something about my children, but Nossa Signora how is a woman to know anything about her family nowadays!"

If you don't get a word from S. America for a bit know, blame the iron boxes because they are to blame again.

Good night





RIO DE JANEIRO, COPACABANA





RIO DE JANEIRO BRASIL



This is the 22nd of June and a holiday. We have returned to Rezende for a fresh start on our small travels and I have seen some of my mail, gotten some fresh clothes and generally cleaned up for the next sally.

We-- Smillie and I --- have been out on two big fazendas, the one belonging to the Itatiaia Company and the Fazenda Boa Vista which belongs to the Villa-Forte family. In the first case we were interested in the results of treatment which Hackett had given some 20 or 22 months ago, and we treated the same crowd together with several others and found that the treatment had made a great difference in the number of worms and the hemoglobin. The work at Boa Vista was to try out a modification in the present routine treatment and see if it can be improved upon.

At Itatiaia we were in a huge old "bighouse", now empty but very well adapted to our purposes and as the manager of the place was a cheerful bachelor in another part of the place entirely we felt free to come and go as we chose. The people on the fazenda were satisfactory to treat and the manager was gracious and helpful so that work was not any too strenuous. There's always some man or woman who takes kindly to such work at the very outset, has enough influence to heckle the others into having their hemoglobins done and immediately marshals his entire family to take the treatment. Antonio Pereira was our man there and I wish you could have seen him shoveling the sugar and chenopodium into his offspring age three and spanking the little brown behind a mighty whack to ensure prompt obedience to his roared command of "Engolhe!". While his fat handsome negro wife stood by and smiled and laughed, especially when Antonio himself ran out under the banana trees to swallow valiantly his cup of Mag. Sulf., with much groaning and "Nossa SENHORA" in sing-song Portuguese agony and much staring pre-occupiedly at the horizon as people do when awaiting news of a threatened gastric revolt.

The stay at Boa Vista was not so comfortable in many ways. Work was conditioned by meal-times, there was no light to read



by at night, and the weather was cold enough to be very uncomfortable with only one blanket. But we had a violin and piano every night and a bit of Brazilian family life which was most agreeable and entertaining. There was a girl who played Liszt's Liebestraum very well, also Rachmaninoff's Prelude, and both of these I like especially. 'Twas queer to hear them in such a different surrounding--- walking up and down among century plants and banana trees in a fine old Brazilian garden, with these surprisingly loud bullfrogs filling in the intermissions instead of the human clatter and racket of a concert. The last time I heard the Liszt was in Paris at the Concerts Touche--- and it almost seems as though it was another decade rather than less than a year ago. My but this part of the world has been far away from the war ! It isn't a war except for the pressmen, one would suppose.

At the Villa-Forêt's there was a very cunning little kiddie who wore a bright scarlet jacket and in among the poinsettia tress would have scarcely been visible. They had her recite at the table one day and she stood up and with every conceivable sort of gesture spoke in a timid little undertone the following:

N'esta maozinha direita  
Eu tenho cinco dedinhos  
Fazem tudode uma feita  
Fazem tudo ligeirinho

Sao pequenos, sao prendados  
Sao formosos, pois nao sao  
Eu acho tao enracados  
Os dedos da minha mao

Sao espertos nos brinquedos  
Os meus dedinhos minosos,  
Mas da esquerda, estes meus dedos  
Ja sao muito preguicosos.

Well, "without more" as the local letters frequently observe, may I subscribe myself



June 28th ---Itatiaia. You should have seen us yesterday. We had a special group to be treated to see whether our routine treatment is effective in getting all the worms:--which is important when the medication bills are running into the tens of thousands. Me in command of two slaves whisking white enamel affairs about the village, going from hut to hut explaining in wretched Portuguese what I wanted done. Animation. Delicacy. Gayety. And then a second time around with capsules of vile-smelling oil of chenopodium, nailing each unfortunate Brazilian purgee as he stood groaning in his hut, and greeted everywhere with a sort of Epsom Salt expression of the eyes and a fresh groan of "Nossa Sign<sup>oa</sup>" Presenting the capsules and roaring "Engolhe" ! till the victims choke them down. Today we counted the worms expelled. Average 160 per person. One man had 976, but he was too anemic to be capable of any emotion on seeing them. His friends however rallied well and their circle of marvelling astonishment was damned funny. They sing-song their talk: "NOSSA SIGNORA ! OHE OS COBRAS"!

"By Our Lady will you look at the snakes!#"

I am getting to the point where I begin on my own hook down South, which is the first place I have ever been in except one or two Clearing Stations in France where I didn't know somebody who knew somebody who I knew etc.etc. Being in Public Health is no sacrifice to my private stock of the same--I've been much out of doors, some days 11 hours in the saddle, Devil taking my hindmost. I'm roaming up and down a perfectly glorious country, learning administrative methods first in terms of Hookworm and later in terms of malaria, I hope. Fifty per cent of the hemoglobins in the State of Rio are below 70%, I've seen them down to 10%. 85 to 98% of the rural population is infected with hookworm, and with the good cooperation we have from the govt., a totally new strange country and the distance from N.Y. and fleas as the only real drawbacks, you can see an existence pretty full of opportunity to keep busy and away from worrying when I shall be able to earn my salt. Of course



af I miss a few objects of inveterate interest such as an occasional mad merciless dance, a rush to some show or game an occasional (and please God well corsetted) blue-eyed sympatica, and the chance to see firends I'm in no hurry to forget. But much of these chances fade with advancing age and retreating front-hair anyhow, so I cant mourn very loud without hearing ridiculous overtones.

Junho 29th. Today we started work at 6, dark cold and misty, quite like Remy of an early morning, and kept counting and differentiating till about eleven when we stopped for breakfast. As we finished an old negro sorcerer of some 100 years came wearily flatfooting up the road. We had asked out of curiosity for him to come to see us, for he is credited locally with the power to cast love and destruction spells. The old fellow was awed by too many



The Church on  
the Fazenda

strangely dressed men, not evidently in search of his aid seriously, and in his canninesshe said "Oh no, Signors ! If I could do such a thing as Magic it would have made me rich". Well, as a matter of fact it has kept him alive some 100 years here in this valley, with quite a humming trade in curses, especially in slavery days. As our administrator on the fazenda said "If the old man's magic were effective all the fazendeiros would have been dead long ago from the curses their slaves paid this old man to cast". When you can see the heavy iron manacles rusting in the



barn, scarcely an object of interest as yet,--- the manacles that bound slaves hands and feet together in a bunch for days at a time, in active use till 1888, you can realize we're just out of the pretty raw stage of life here.

I got the most amusing comment on the railroad as ~~afa~~ an instrument of progress and service from an old mulatto woman whose age I was trying to get from her. "How old are you"? "Thanks be to God I do not know". "Have you any children?" "Oh yes", "Where are they"? "Why Signor in the old days it was allright and I could have answered the Signor, but Nossa Signora! with these iron boxes running down to Rio so fast how in the name of God can a person know where their family is!" Isn't that delightful !

The cildren here have a variation of our old game of horse, in that they use a bamboo pole half broken in the angle of the horse head to his neck, and with the nose they tap the ground so that it makes just the noise of a single footer---the only gentleman's pace here.



*Sugar Mill !*





Off for C<sup>e</sup> Pastrol



An Albergue



July 8th Yesterday and today I have been in Caxambu which is a watering place and mineral spring up in the state of Minas. I am writing much to the excitement of the local Jaca-tatus or country boobs, on the train down to Cruzeiro, on the way home. Hands are blue from the cold, which seems unbearable to the Brazilians, but which is simply enough to make me shiver a little and feel like work. It is a great mistake to think of Brazil as a hot country exclusively--it is far from that.

On July 2 went down from Rezende to Rio to stay at the ~~Waxkxkxk~~ Hydricks for a few days. The ride up the hill from the Central station was a joy because the chauffeur did not realise what a long distance it was and he certainly had to use lots of gasoline before we arrived. He was very angry to be paid only 20\$000 instead of 25\$000 and we had the usual passionate refusals of anything at all, followed by the requests and later commands to get out --vae embora!--this time by Dr. Hydrick. The taxi men here always work in pairs here one to drive and the other to ride on the front seat and argue when you come to paying the fare. Really the essential thing to realise in all bargains is that these people if they can possibly avoid it will not work steadily and conscientiously at anything and so are forced to charge you for the amount of livelihood they might have been earning since the last victim was stung.

The stay in Rio at the Hydrick's was very good fun. They are a pair of young Southerners who have been down ~~xxxx~~ here two years. Mrs. H. is very young and simple in tastes and requirements, affectionately threatens to beat her husband whenever he teases her, treats her servant girl so decently that said girl stays on and is keen to work for her--while Mrs. H. marvels at her luck, innocently. She is pretty tired of Brazil and the wanderer's life, but is too young to know the situation any more clearly than in terms of "feeling blue". Her husband runs the roost in all things except where her vivid instincts result quite unconsciously in a persistence of attack which wears away his interest in the question to



be settled and he doesn't bring up the subject again. They have one small boy 2 years old named Pete, who has a most amusing face, a sort of infantile Irish prelate of a face, and who talks the most delightful mixture of Portuguese and English. He always starts a request in Portuguese and then if he doesn't get his result he slides into English in a very canny way that speaks volumes for the casual good nature of the maid as contrasted with the more careful hesitation of his Pae e Mae. They make one queer mistake with him which is not common to see nowadays, his Dad is very short with him, insisting on a good deal more forethought and care than a kiddie of 2 is capable of maintaining, so that there are frequent castigations and reference to Father is usually followed by a sudden arrest of all Pete's activity, cerebration and innocent cheer, and a concentration on the question "Is He going to give me a whipping and for why"? The end result at 17 years is not hard to guess---but I may be wrong. Anyhow the effect at 2 years is pitiful, but Hydrick has thin lips and is a disciplinarian, not caring enough to see the effect on Pete's feelings.

On the Fourth we went to a dinner and dance at the Central Club --held by the American crowd here, and it was really very good fun. They had the old technique of settling each course into place by dancing while the waiters changed the plates, and what with Mrs. Hydrick, Miss Williams, the new and rather beautiful secretary just down from New York, and three or four local rainhas, and two or three of the people from the good ship Hollandia, there were enough to manage the evening very well. It still amuses me to see the fascinated astonishment of the Brazilians watching the Americans having a good time. The fact that all ~~that~~ the moving pictures here are made in the U.S. has influenced the standards of dress here enormously and all the truly chic things for men and women here must be at least on the pattern of The Americanos. I expect that Joseph Lee or Mrs.



Hodder will soon be out among the motion picture people telling 'em what Right Living really is ---for the sake of their influence on the American youth. Or a solemn conclave will be held at the R.C.C's in Sandy Cove on Our Duty towards the "Movies". Considering how very little we are satisfied with life in the U. S. we do a good deal of telling others how to conduct their existences. There are niggers down here who dont have even a chance to read somebody-else's Atlantic Monthly, who are making a happier ~~T~~ 59 years of life than---than they might if we decided they ought to read it.

Last night I went to a soiree Brasileira at the home of Senorita Nair Paiva in Caxambu. The Dr. of the post took me, or rather with endless frightfully coy looks and much trembly giggling the Senorita consented yesterday afternoon to have us in for the evening. The guardas were all there tambem, and it was very humorous. Like us the Brazileros want nothing but praise from strangers which is tiresome after the spontaneous variety is spent. I get my second wind though when I see how a little extra laud and flattery willbrighten a dull eye and moisten a parched lip, and I go on to the limit of my words, which are scant but ready for an -osa or an -oso any time. A piano in<sup>a</sup> hellish condition of discord and tincanniness was the instrument of our relaxation and enjoyment and had it not been for a lovely big rocking-chair which gave the appearance of rest to anything that sat in it, I would have blown a fuse at the noise that a Brasileira, playing the works of a Braziliero, on a piano Braziliero. I danced the tango with the local beauties staring excitedly at the third button of my waistcoat or about that level, with all the grace that markedly unequal ~~XXXX~~<sup>femurs</sup> can ever extract from cacophonous music, and what is more thanked<sup>as senoritas</sup> effusively for the chance, which was agony to them too--- and for this they think me "muito simpatico" !!! However as the proverbhere says:

Cada roda com seu fuso	Every wheel to its own speed
Cada terra com seu uso.	Every land to its own customs.

In a week or ten days I shall be off on my survey down south and though that will make letters a little more delayed it has



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advantage of being reall work on me own and in a country  
cooler when all else is hot, than much of the state of Rio.



Lavrinhos, a station on the E.F.C.B.  
coming down from the trip to Caxambu.





July 13th.

Well, Alice, your letter of June 15 arrived just on July 11th which is a date of great celebration in Brazil with me because it was my birthday. You say the next one to you should be a real letter, well here's hoping.

The picture of the funny little huts I took at Sao Paulo where the Government runs a big snake farm. They have more poisonous snakes down here in Brazil than any where in the world and lots of people were killed by them every year. Some of the Brazilian doctors got interested in trying to stop all these deaths and so studied the snakes and their poisons. They found that if you could catch a rattlesnake and hold him in the right way you could take all his poison out of him through a hollow needle and then if you gave just a weeny bit of it to a horse on one day and a weeny little bit more in a week and a bit more in a week after that, adding a little bit more everyweek to the amount of snake poison you stuck into the horse's skin every time you could get the horse so used to the snake poison that you could give him a tremendous dose of it and it wouldnt hurt him at all. It is just the same with mosquito bites at the Farm --- they always itch more at the beginning of the summer than in late August. Well when the horse is so strong against the snake poison that he can stand as much venom as would have killed him at the beginning, the doctors take a little of his blood out of a vein in his neck (which doesnt hurt as much as a crack with a whip), and then they save the blood in the ice- box. When a man anywhere in Brazil is bitten by a snake that he thinks is poisonous he can get in any small town some of the horse's blood from this laboratory and by injecting it under his skin he can be protected against the snakes poison by the horses blood. Perhaps you think this is a poor life for the horses but compared with the ordinary horse's life here it is a paradise at Butantan the name of the town where the snakes are kept. Butantan is a suburb of Sao Paulo.



They have lots of other kinds of snakes of course. The giboas up north are 30 feet long and can strangle a cow quite easily. Their lower jaws are not attached to their heads as ours are, and so they can swallow the cow just as you might pull your stocking up over a toy cow. But the giboa doesn't like the horns, so he coils near a big tree or a rock and then with the horns still sticking out of his mouth he swings his head right by the tree so close that the horns hit it and are broken off and the skull is crumpled in so it will get digested better. I saw the skeleton of one of these snakes and it was nearly 40 feet long.

A friend of mine here took some pictures of some of the East Indians who have settled in the West Indies where he was working. He took a picture of a woman and it came out so well he went and showed it to her. He had printed the picture on Velox paper which as you know is a black and white paper. The Indian woman was furious at him and tried to stick him with her knife, because she had never seen a snapshot before and thought that it was a magical mirror and that he had turned her black. Dr. Smillie and I had the same sort of thing happen to us up in the interior. We were testing how good people's blood was by pricking their ears and seeing how red the drop of blood was on a piece of blotting paper. The curandiero or medicine man there did not like to see his patients being treated by anybody else so he told them that we were selling the blood on the blotting paper to the Devil. So all the people ran home and we had nobody left to work with in that town! That was only just a few weeks ago.

In the farmers' houses here all the animals come in and out of the house at their own sweet will. The people are all very polite though and when the pig tries to rub his back against my leg they yell "SIST!" and the pig gets a kick out of doors.

There are lots more humming birds here than in



the United States. They are called beijo-flores in Brazilian which means kiss-flowers. I am going to get some stuffed ones which you can see or have as you chose when I get home.

Instead of stirrups the ladies when they ride horseback here put their feet into big brass sandals which hang just so you can put your foot right into them the way you would if you cut all the leather off your shoe around the heel. And the saddles have a big silver piece that keeps you from slipping forward when the horse goes down a very steep hill, or when he shies suddenly. For this reason I haven't gone <sup>a</sup>costing down my horse's neck off onto the ground yet---but my time will come. Has Yours?

There is a club of Americans here in Rio or rather it was started by Americans but is mostly Brazilians now and the name of it is the High Life Club. The Brazilians though always call it Oh Cloob Higgy Liffy ! And they always call a streetcar a Bondie because when the streetcar line was first built they had to wait a long long time before the company could sell enough bonds to buy cars with and the newspapers kept saying that the trouble was that the bonds couldn't be settled ---and when the cars finally came everybody thought they were the bonds and so now they haven't got any other name.

You had better be glad you are not a Brazilian little girl-- though I forget you're not little any longer--- because they don't have much fun and are never allowed to chase around at all. I am glad to know that cocoa-butter is good for mosquito bites--- I have a good chance at getting the bites but no chance of getting the butter here. If you discover anything better than scratching in the treatment of flea bites make a letter out of it!

I met an old old woman a while ago who complained to me that she did not like the railroads at all because before they came she used to know where her son (aged 45) was but now with the railroads he can go away so far that even the neighbors can't tell her what he is up to!



Last year at this time I was in France and the Germans were coming stronger every minute and I wished I was in America: this year I am in America and the fleas are coming stronger every minute and I wish I was in France).

Goodby and excuse mistakes and bad spelling.

When Brazilians have had you to their house and it comes time for you to go they always say "Good-bye and I hope the Signor will excuse all my wretched mistakes". And then you say "Pois nao, Nada signor nao tem nada verdade"

With love to you and the rest of the

Bemi

